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FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES

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THE NIMBLE NEWSPAPER STORY

There is nothing so nimble as a newspaper mistake. You may try to correct it, but you will try in vain, for given a twenty-four hour start it kicks up its heels and defies even its maker to overtake and correct it. Recently a little editorial story about Johnny Scott appeared in the Capital Journal, telling of the hard time the little fellow had run up against. Inadvertently the fact that Johnny lived in Jersey City and not in Salem was not made and Capital Journal readers naturally inferred he lived in Salem. He didn't and we are sorry that is the case, for had he done so he would now have more homes than he would know what to do with. Several applied personally at the Capital Journal office, wanting to provide a home for Johnny and many letters have been received offering him a home. Chief of Police Welsh has also received letters inquiring about the boy and offering him a home. It is perhaps well the mistake was made since the many offers of a home demonstrate, that the world is after all filled with great hearted people, and that there is room in it for all. While these letters were not for publication, we venture to put one in print, it being typical of the lot. It was sent Chief Welsh dated at Lebanon and reads:

"My wife and I read an article in the Lebanon paper copied from the Salem Journal, in regard to a little 12-year-old boy, who wanted a home. As we have no children and both of us like them, I thought I would write and see if he had found anybody to take him yet. If he has not we would be glad to take him and do the best we can for him. We live on a farm about six miles from Lebanon, and while we have not much of this world's goods, would be able to clothe him and send him to school, and give him plenty to eat, anyway."

That is the kind of letters written about Johnny and it seems that among all his other bad luck the worst of all is that he does not live in Oregon.

THE UNREASONING CROWD

There is nothing so hard to understand as the panic that sometimes strikes sane business men. An example of this is seen in the craze that struck the wheat pit in Chicago when Rumania declared war on Germany Monday. The dealers in wheat are a shrewd lot of sensible, hardheaded businessmen, who are used to studying into all situations and generally understanding them. They are the last lot one would expect to see swept off their feet by any kind of a surprise, and certainly not by so expected a thing as Rumania's action. It was a thing expected sometime, and with Russia making the strides she has lately, a thing of the near future.

More than that each and everyone of the whole bunch knew that the entrance of Rumania into the war was not going to open the Dardanelles or aid Russia in getting her immense wheat surplus, if she has such, into the world's markets. Yet no sooner was the news of Rumania's action made public than the market went wild and wheat dropped 11 cents a bushel in a short time. It was an unreasoning mob-like craze, without foundation and without reason. But solid sane men fell for all kinds of wild rumors and yielded to unreasoning fear.

Tuesday morning the panic was over and prices again assumed their normal condition, recovering a large part of the previous day's decline. A few hours away from the scene of their demoralization cleared the atmosphere of its terrors and allowed the panic stricken dealers to regain their senses.

There is no accounting for it any more than there is for one of those crazy panics at a fire or a supposed fire where the crowd goes wild and tramples each other to death when as a matter of fact there is not and had not been any danger at all.

The Southern Pacific has issued an embargo order under which it accepts freight "subject to indefinite delay." This on account of the threatened strike. Due to car shortage, so far as Oregon is concerned, the order is useless. We have been doing business under it for some months now.

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SOME HARMLESS DISSIPATION

An Indian and a gold miner are the two most reckless individuals in the catalog. When the two are combined in one, naturally startling results may be expected, with little chance of disappointment ensuing. There was a case of this kind in Marysville, California, Monday when Jim Tobin, a full blood Indian, sold his mine and became possessed of, as he looked at it, the wealth of a Rockefeller, or Morgan. Jim wanted to do something to show his class, and also that he was no tight wad. He wanted to celebrate but the laws of the land make it difficult for the oldest American families to celebrate as the regular miner always does, for the reason that the Whiteman's firewater is forbidden him. However he did the best he could, and with grim humor secured the real emblem which is typical of "the cold gray dawn of the morning after." He discovered an old hearse and at once invested part of his wealth therein. He bought a couple of horses which he coupled on to it. Then he loaded his wife and six papposes into the glass enclosed taxi, filled all vacant spaces with watermelons and mounting the driver's seat, paraded the town, the family getting busy on the melons, and showering the streets with a stream of watermelon rinds and seeds, that poured out of the back end of the hearse, until it resembled a water cart. When the melons were gone, and the principal streets had been paraded, Jim drove his hearseful of watermelon full family out to their wickup, the prodest and happiest Indian on the Pacific Coast. One feature of Jim's blow out and dissipation differing from that of his white brother was, that the whole town enjoyed it as thoroughly as did he, his proud wife and happy little copper colored kiddies. Here's hoping Jim, you may find another mine, and do no worse with the money received from it than you did on this occasion.

The Southern Pacific is going the limit to prevent accidents of any kind. To keep stock off the track besides fences, it has covered the space between the rails with broken rock, thus preventing the growth of vegetation and taking temptation out of the way of cattle, and at the same time making the walking bad so bipeds will keep off it. To further assist a good trail is being made on each side of the track to induce pedestrians to take this instead of the track as a footpath.

The Alaskan railroad is now carrying coal from the famous Matanuska fields to tide water. The first trainload was delivered at Anchorage, on tidewater, a distance of 71 miles from the mines August 16. The occasion was the cause of a big celebration, and the first carload of black diamonds, very appropriately was dumped by Miss Babe White, who also drove the first spike on the road.

If Germany pursues her usual tactics and makes a success of it, the fighting with Rumania will be done on Rumanian soil. So far, surrounded by her enemies, none of them have set foot on German territory. She forced the fighting across Belgium and into France. She forced the scene of the conflict with Russia into Russian territory. She drove the battle front across Serbia and while Austria has been and is again being trodden by the enemy, it has not happened to Germany. It is claimed in the dispatches that Germany will make a drive at Rumania to force her back on to her own soil. General Von Mackensen, who commanded in Serbia is to lead her armies and if so there will be some desperate fighting to record in the near future and it may not be on Austrian soil either.

Keen interest is being taken in the primary election in California held yesterday, and for which the returns should be available today. While it is only the fight between Booth and Governor Johnson as to which shall have the republican nomination for U. S. senator, it will give some idea as to the way the Progressive vote is trending. Booth is the standpatter while Johnson is the biggest progressive now in captivity in the republican ranks. It brings up an issue too that may have some effect on the result of the election in November, for if the republicans turn Johnson down it is likely to create considerable ill feeling among the prodigal progressives so recently invited to partake of the fatted elephant calf.



MOUNTAIN AIR

Dried up and baked on windswept plains, too long unvisited by rains, to me the mountains called; and I indorse the mountain air, which tones the nerves, restoring hair to heads that long were bald. When I to Colorado came, so many ailments racked my frame, that life was but a grief; I had hay fever and a cold, and all the dope the druggists sold afforded no relief. I had the string-halt and the heaves—none of my ills were make-believes—I had ingrowing nails; I had bog spavins on my knees, but I've forgotten all disease, among these hills and vales. Afar from all the roar of towns, I walk, in khaki handmedowns, my staff a pine-tree's branch; I blithely scale these western Alps, and play upon their snowy scalps, and ride the avalanche. The mountain air a tonic is, it makes the vital current whiz along an old gent's veins; it makes his lagging step grow bold, and makes him think he's ten years old, and banishes his pains.

THE TATTLER

The days are getting shorter—and there are others. Shooking rumors are floating about of a prominent citizen who is suspected of stealing meat. Somehow the song heard at the theatre doesn't sound the same when it is tried at home. There is one very busy boy in South Salem. He has the itch. Superintendent Minto of the penitentiary has a hearty sigh of relief, which he will heave when flax pulling is over. "George Palmer Putnam" is the way the Oregonian prints it. Such is fame. A public service commission with a car shortage on its hands cannot be properly considered a dull proposition, although it has points of advantage in this respect over some jobs at present connected with the Oregon ship of state. Rumania took a long and careful think, and evidently decided that Germany will be defeated. A Salem young lady says "Yes, I think perhaps I'll go out and pick a hump or two." Now what do you think of that?

Four Killed by Auto Two Others May Die

Sacramento, Cal., Aug. 30.—Authorities despaired of getting details of an accident on Brighton Hill last night when four people were killed in an automobile and freight train collision as the other occupants of the car, two young girls, are near death in a local hospital. As yet, they have not been identified. The automobile appeared on the crossing too late for the train to stop. The four were instantly killed, being horribly mangled. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Funk and Miss Ursula Zing are dead, and the fourth victim is believed to be Edward Westerberg. Identification being difficult owing to the condition of the remains.

PENNSYLVANIA PREPARED

Philadelphia, Aug. 28.—"The Pennsylvania railroad is prepared for the worst." This is the announcement made to the United Press this afternoon from publicity offices of G. B. Hartley. There is no indication, it was flatly stated, that the Pennsylvania system will accede to the demands of the employes for an eight hour day without arbitration. Every man on the retired list, now receiving a pension from the road's fund, has been recalled and trains will be run on schedule time by them, the statement said. At the most it is not expected that the road will have to abandon but a few passenger trains, the main force being diverted to the conveyance of food and supplies.

SAND BY BRAVE WOMAN

Seaside, Ore., Aug. 30.—Mrs. Albert Schweitzer owes her life today to Mrs. Henry W. Metzger, who saved her from drowning in a pool where she became entangled in marsh grass growing under water. Both women sank four times before they reached shore. A crowd of friends witnessed the struggle.

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CLIFFORD'S INCREDIBLE CALLOUSNESS

CHAPTER VIII. When Clifford reiterated his remark, adding: "I spoke plainly enough, I am sure," he looked at his watch, then told Mildred, "I must hurry along, or I'll keep them waiting, as we start in about an hour, and, besides, I have to go to the office before I leave." "Clifford—you—!" a moan finished what his girl-wife tried to say. "Here, Miss Elden," to the nurse—pretending he had not heard the faint rebuke—"is an address. Should it become necessary to communicate with me, use it, although there is no certainty of its reaching me, as we may change our plans and our course at any time." The "Annual Vacation." Stopping over the bed, he kissed Mildred lightly on the cheek. "Good-bye, dear. I shall expect to see you sitting up and quite recovered on my return. I shall be gone only two or three weeks." Then, as he faced the nurse's accusing eyes, he involuntarily explained, "This is my annual vacation," and hurriedly left the room. After the door closed Mildred lay very quietly for a few minutes, the pillow no whiter than her face. Then she turned to the nurse, who was hover-

that vacation

trip should not be delayed.

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A Sherlock Holmes. The Waitress—And how did you find the apple pie, sir? "The Diner—I moved a bit of cheese aside and there it was."

In These Hard Times. "What for does Donald tak' sie lang strides noon-days?" "He says it disma wear out his shoes sae quick!"

MY HUSBAND AND I

By Jane Phelps

CLIFFORD'S INCREDIBLE CALLOUSNESS

ing pitifully over her: "Nurse, you won't mind if I ask you to leave me alone for a little while, will you? I'll ring if I want you." Miss Elden had scarcely been able to conceal her astonishment and indignation as she had heard Mr. Hammond's heartless plan to go fishing while his wife was scarcely out of danger. She surreptitiously wiped her eyes before answering: "Why, Mrs. Hammond, have you forgotten that you were to have the baby?" "By and by, nurse, if I may; but now I want to be alone." She turned wearily on her pillow. The nurse softly closed the door. Never, in all her experience, had she been so sorry for anyone as she was for that young thing lying so sick, so helpless, so neglected; and with that hopeless, stricken look in her eyes that had not left them since she realized that her husband was leaving her for his own selfish pleasure. Mildred turned restlessly on her pillow, her thin white hands convulsively clutching the counterpane, as she whispered to herself: "He's gone!—gone fishing,—and left me—like this!" Then, after a few moments, she folded her hands and breathed a prayer: "Oh, God, help me not to care!" Half an hour afterward the nurse

opened the door very quietly, thinking her charge might have fallen asleep. Mildred showed traces of tears on her face, although her eyes were dry. "Bring the baby now, please, Miss Elden."

Mandy Sticks Up for the Family. Miss Elden found old Mandy crouching over the baby in her own loving fashion. When she was told of Mr. Hammond's departure, and the effect it had had on her young mistress, Mandy's surprise and indignation knew no bounds. "You sho'ly don't spec' me to believe dat! Marse Hammond, bad as he is to her, ain't don' gone 'way and lef' dat angel child, an' her never 'lowed yet to see her own baby! You jes' mistook his langwidge, dat's all. Why I never hearn tell nothin' like dat! 'Pears to me, nuss, you must be hard o' hearin'!" and Mandy sniffed contemptuously. The nurse finally convinced the old colored woman of the truth of what she had told her. "Pore child! pore lil' lamb! What fer she marr'd, now? She too young, she am—pore lil' thing."

"You take the baby in to her, Mandy." Miss Elden said, shrinking from again witnessing the misery in the sick girl's face.

(Tomorrow—Mildred Realizes Her Desolation.)